

T H E 1489. d. 37.
London Merchants Triumphant :
OR
STURDY BEGGARS are Brave Fellows.

A
NEW BALLAD.

Proper to be Sung on the 12th of JUNE.

Humbly inscribed to the worthy Merchants and
Citizens of LONDON.

Semper honor Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.

VIRG.

Titles are only for the *Just* and *Wise*,
The *Knave* or *Fool* that wears a *Title*, lies.

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

L O N D O N :

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Изображение Михаила Федорова из книги Николая Гоголя





London *Merchants Triumphant*:

O R

Sturdy Beggars are Brave Fellows.

To the Tune of the *Jovial Beggars*.

I.

 AM a sturdy Beggar,
 And in that *Title* glory,
 Nor can the World a *Title* boast
 That's more renowned in * Story,
 And a-begging we will go, &c.

II.

The Prince of sturdy Beggars
 Immortal † *Nassau* shone,
 To save his People's *Rights* and *Lives*
 He freely gave his Own.
 He a-begging too did go, &c.

* In the Year 1566. when. Margaret Dutches of *Parma*, was Governess of the *Low-Countries*, Lewis Count of *Nassau*, at the Head of four hundred Gentlemen, presented a Petition to her against the Inquisition, and other Invasions of their Rights and Liberties. When she seemed under some Concern, to see such a considerable Body of Persons of Distinction oppose the State Projects, Cardinal *Grandville*, her First Minister, called them, in Derision, a Pack of *Gueux*, that is Beggars, or rather Sturdy Beggars. Whereupon the chief Men of the *Netherlands* formed a Confederacy under the Title of the *Gueux*, or sturdy Beggars; which Name they gloried in, and bore till they had thrown off the *Spanish Yoke*, and freed their Country.

† *William*, Prince of *Orange*, Ancestor of our late glorious King *William*, was Chief of the Confederacy of the *Gueux*, or Beggars, and lost his Life in their Cause, being assassinated at *Delft* by one *Balthazar Gerard*, a *Burgundian*, hired (as was thought) by *Philip* King of *Spain*, to commit that execrable Murder.

Court

III.

Court Titles he despised,
 On OURS he built his Fame ;
 Then how can e'er our Title die,
 But with great NASSAU's Name ?
Who a-begging too did go, &c.

IV.

Firm to our *Name* and *Cause*
 Brave * *Horn* and *Egmont* stood ;
 Who thought their Country's Freedom cheap,
 Tho' purchased with their Blood.
They a-begging too did go, &c.

V.

With *Holland's* Sturdy Beggars
 We too will share the Prize ;
 They pulled the *Inquisition* down,
 We overturn'd *Excise*!
And a-begging we will go, &c.

VI.

Industrious as the *Bee*,
 Around the World we roam ;
 The Courtiers are the *Drones* that suck
 The Honey we bring Home,
When a-begging we do go, &c.

* Count *Horn* and Count *Egmont*, two of the Confederate *Gueux*, or Sturdy Beggars, beheaded at *Brussels* by Duke *d'Alva*, for opposing the Inquisition, and other Impositions that struck at the very Root of the Liberty and Property of the *Netherlanders*.

VII.

The Wealth of both the *Indies*,
 We through our Country spread ;
 Nay, Vermin that abuse us most,
 Are by our *Labour* fed.

When a-begging we do go, &c.

VIII.

We scorn for *Place* or *Pension*,
 Our Consciences to barter,
 Or *Britain's Liberty* betray,
 For Golden *Bribe* or *Garter*.

And a-begging we will go, &c.

IX.

Pray what are all the *Courtiers*,
 How much so e're they swagger,
 What other Name do they deserve,
 But that of *Pilfring Beggar* ?

When a-begging they do go, &c.

X.

The *Courtiers* *beg* a *Pension*,
 And we the *Courtiers* *dun* ;
 They *meanly beg* the Nation's *Wealth*,
 We *boldly ask* our own.

When a-dunning we do go, &c.

XI.

By Begging and fine Promises,
 To trust 'em oft we're drawn ;
 Will these then *Britain's Honour* guard,
 Who leave their own in *Pawn* ?

When a-ticking they do go, &c.

B

To

(62)

XII.

To call *Excise* a Publick Good,
Their *Hirelings* find Pretences,
And, modest Creatures! only *beg*,
We'd but give up our Senses.

Thus a-begging they too go, &c.

XIII.

'Twill make you all as rich as *Jews*,
Hear Old Dame * *Osborn* cry,
Ope' but your *Fist*, and *shut* you *Eyes*,
You'll see't as plain as *I*.

Thus a-begging she does go, &c.

XIV.

" I'd prove it plain, says † *Walsingham*,
" But I've no Time to lose;
" My Master's been thro' dirty *Work*,
" And I must clean his Shoes."

Then a-begging he does go, &c.

XV.

Fog's Sneers, and *Caleb's* Arguments,
** *Hyp-Doctor* makes a Jest on,
And will confute 'em both with Ease,
If he can *beg* the Question.

Thus a-begging he does go, &c.

* The Writer of the *London Journal*.

† The Writer of the *Free-Briton*.

** Orator H——ly.

“ Your

XVI.

“ Your Sins deserve *Excise*,” he roars,
 Then what must be *his Due*,
 Who cheats the Gulls, his Auditors,
 Of Time and Money too?
When to hear him they do go, &c.

XVII.

But should the Sins of all Mankind,
 Be ever fairly parted,
 Nine Parts would fall to Priests like him,
 and Tythes would be inverted.
So a-begging he may go, &c.

XVIII.

Against the *Sturdy Beggars*,
 The grand *Projector* raves,
 For had not they opposed his Scheme,
 You’d all been *Ineaking Slaves*.
And a-begging you might go, &c.

XIX.

“ ’Tis *Wine*, he cries, that makes ‘em prate,
 “ *Excise* just suits my Wish;
 “ If *Water* I can make them drink,”
 “ They’d be as mute as Fish.
And a-begging they may go, &c.

XX.

“ If they will have *Mundungus*,
 “ I’ll give them thinner Fare;
 “ And since they are so fond of *Smoke*,
 “ I’ll make ‘em live on Air.
When a-begging they do go, &c.
 “ You

(8)

XXI.

" You grow too fat, dear Countrymen,

" And I must drench your Purses;

" *Excise* shall be your *Physick*,

" *Dragoons* shall be your *Nurses*.

And a-begging you may go, &c.

XXII.

" You must be soundly fleec'd and whip'd,

" You Beggars are too Rich:"

But should he try, I doubt, he'll make

A Rod for his own Br—ch.

And to T—n he would go, &c.

XXIII.

Would all like Sturdy Beggars stand,

Nor basely sell their Vote;

We soon should take him down a Peg,

And make him change his Note.

When to T—n he does go, &c.

XXIV.

Should all his Crew their Merits share,

The Scene would strangely alter,

And many a titled R--g--e would change

A Ribon for a Halter.

And to T—n he would go, &c.

F I N I S.



